

## A Replication to Camels Obiection,

**I**f right or reason, might moue you to speake,  
 I wold not you blaine, your malice to wreake:  
 Or if your iudgement, were byright and cleane,  
 You wolde not so rudely construe what I meane.  
 How should your folly, so plainly be knowne,  
 If that your wisdom, abroad were not blowne.  
 You byd me amende, whose life you know not,  
 As though that in you, there were not a spot.  
 A tale of a tubbe, you bragge and you brall,  
 wherin you do rubbe your selfe on the gall.  
 You touch not one poynt, wherof that I wate.  
 You leape oze the hedge, and seeith not the gate,  
 I muse what you meane to discant and preache,  
 Upon a plaine song, so farre past your reache.  
 Why Camell I say, wyl you needes be fyne,  
 what wyl ye be knowne for a durty deuine.  
 It seemes you are learned, past reason or wylt,  
 Or els you coulde not, the marke so well hyt.  
 You haue so good laten, you can want no pewter,  
 Though ye are no foole, yet you are a newter.  
 You wylt like a clerke, oze scene well in Cato,  
 Forgettig your name, which Cher's calls Gnato.  
 I can do no lesse, but shew what you are,  
 Synce you ar a Damell, darke dreames to declare  
 Your knowledge is great, your iudgement is good,  
 The most of your study, hath ben of Robyn hood  
 And Bellys of Hampton, and Syr Launcelet de lake,  
 hath taught you full oft, your verses to make:  
 By sweete saint Benet, I were by no foole,  
 You are not to learne, you plyde well your scole.  
 Your wyts are not breched, who list you to pceue,  
 You flooke and you flout, and smils in your fleue,  
 I prayse you no more, lest you thinke I flatter,  
 I must now retourne, to the pith of my matter,  
 How can you well proue, that I do enuye,  
 At any estate, be they low or hye,  
 Or that I spy faults, in Jupiters seate,  
 why are you so mad, on me thus to bleate,  
 It grees not, it cords not, it fyts not you say,  
 That me shuld find fault, with gods that bere sway  
 If plaine Dauid Dicar, with wise men be ikande,  
 he speaketh byrightly, I dare take in hande.  
 I write not so rashly, but I rule my pen.  
 In faith you mistake, Dauid Dicars, when,  
 You take chaunce for chese, and day for darke night,  
 Of like you are spurblinde, or ye loke not a right:  
 Your purpose I know, you were in such care,  
 Against this good tyme, your purs was full bare.  
 You thought to optaine, some garment or gift,  
 Then byd you inuent, to make a foule shift,  
 To flatter the Gods. & get a new cote,  
 That made you to syng, so mery a note.  
 You faine me like Judas, you thinke me not so,  
 For if I were he, then you wold me know,  
 I beare not the bagge, that mai you rewarde,  
 But yet my good wyl, I pray you regarde.  
 You say that order, would haue eche degree,  
 To walke in his calling: then how may this be,  
 That you out of frame, do blotter and barke,  
 So like a curie dogge, at euery good warke,

Is this the order, that Camels doo vse:  
 Bicause you are a beast, I must you excuse:  
 A Camell, a Capon, a Curie sure by kynde,  
 I may you well call, synce so I you fynde:  
 Bicause you haue rattled and railed to mytche,  
 Now giue me good leue, to claw you wher ye ytch  
 And if that you thinke, I rubbe you to soze,  
 Then giue me no cause, to scratch you no more.  
 Holde this for cerjain, and for a sure thing,  
 The ofter you styre me, the more I wyl styng.  
 Syns that you wyl needes awaken my wyttes,  
 I wyl seeke for you, both snaffuls and bittes.  
 To holde in your head, and make you to rayne,  
 And byte on the bridle, for angre and payne.  
 Thou wilt I deuise for you such a burthen,  
 As long as you liue, you shall beare a lurden:  
 A Camell by kinde, wyl beare more at once,  
 Then.iii. great horses, pickt out for the nonce.  
 More meeter for you, to be in some stable,  
 To beare heany burthens, I thinke you more able  
 Then being as you are, walking abroad,  
 Your limmes ar well made, to carpe a great lode:  
 All beastes that be made for carte and cariage,  
 Shuld leane to their labour, as ma to his mariage  
 With horses and Asses, you are well acquainted,  
 Their maners in ordre, right wel you haue painted  
 I dout of your shape, some monster you are,  
 Bicause such a name, to me you declare.  
 Your wordes and your workes, ar tokens right sure  
 You ar some brute beast, in mans forme & picture.  
 Right happy he were, that had you in charge,  
 he shuld gaue moch money, to shew you at large  
 what cause, or what toye, byd trouble your mynde,  
 To make you seeke faults, wher non you can finde:  
 Your instrument iarres, your myrth is not sweete,  
 You play on false strings, which thing is binnecte  
 Your care is not good, you know no sweete sounde,  
 You can not espye, where fault may be founde.  
 So farre out of tune, I neuer hearde none,  
 Nor so much past shame, nor yet so farre gone,  
 As you in this case, God sende you to amende,  
 which seekes to learn me, to bow and to bende:  
 Direct well your steppes, by order and lyne,  
 And sclaunder me not, nor no workes of myne.  
 In all my writings, right honestly I ment.  
 If thei be taken, to my true entent:  
 Thei shall breede no strife, nor no error so we.  
 When truth shalbe tryde, and vertue shal flow.  
 Thus yet once to, when, againe I retorne,  
 Bicause that you seeme, against it to spurne,  
 Untill this long, when, do well come to passe,  
 This world shalbe nought, & you shalbe an Ass:  
 Since you doo inuey, alle vice to maintaine,  
 You shew that you haue, a folish light braine:  
 God send you more wit, now kepe your head warine  
 Or els the next winter, mai doo you some harme.  
 Thus here I do ende, and rest for this tyme,  
 Excepte you procure me, to make a new ryme.  
 Finis. Quod. Thomas Churchard.  
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